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Gisborne, 1797.

THE VALES OF WEVER,

A

Loco-Descriptive Poem,

INSCRIBED TO

THE REVEREND JOHN GRANVILLE,

OF CALWICH, STAFFORDSHIRE.

BY J. GISBORNE, ESQ.

LONDON:

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TO THE

REVEREND JOHN GRANVILLE.

DEAR SIR,

THE following Poem (a very few paſſages excepted) was written during the time I had the ſatisfaction of reſiding in your neighbourhood; and though I am fully ſenſible how feebly it delineates the different ſcenes which gave it birth, yet I feel aſſured that you will gladly receive it as a proof of that friendſhip, which neither abſence can weaken, nor diſtance impair.

I remain,

DEAR SIR,

Your obliged

And affectionate Friend,

July 3d, 1797.

JOHN GISBORNE.

CANTO I.

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THE

VALES OF WEVER.

CANTO I.

——Mark the ſable woods
That ſhade ſublime yon mountain's nodding brow;
With what religious awe the ſolemn ſcene
Commands your ſteps; as if the reverend form
Of Minos or of Numa ſhould forſake
The Elyſian ſeats, and down the embowering glade
Move to your pauſing eye. Behold the expanſe
Of yon gay landſcape! *Akenſide.*

WOOTTON! if e'er thy ſhadowy vales,
Thy rock-roof'd canopies and dales,

WOOTTON! *if e'er*, l. 1.] The houſe in which the Author reſides is the property of ——— Davenport, Eſq. and from its very elevated ſituation commands a diverſified extent of beautiful ſcenery. The lofty bank, on which the houſe ſtands, deſcends rapidly into a pleaſing valley, decorated with low-browed cliffs and hanging woods. Towards the north this valley divides at the foot of a ſteep woody promontory, and forms two diſtinct dales.

Diffus'd enchantment o'er my breaſt,
Or charm'd one anxious thought to reſt;
Now, as I tread thy ſilvan ſteeps,
That nodding chill thoſe verdant deeps;
While noon the ſummer's glorious birth
Salutes, and ſtars with flowers the earth,
Lifts to the ſun their ſilken eyes,
And muſks with balmier breath the ſkies;
Receive amid thy vocal throng
The tribute of my parting ſong.

O'er heaven's wide azure vapours roll,
Gray ſailing to the arctic pole,
Soft as they ride the whiſper'd gale
(Broad ſhadows ſhuddering down the vale),

The dale that ſhapes its courſe on the right is the moſt intereſting, and abounds with rude ſide-ſcreens of wood and rock, with a ſmall rivulet fretting over a ſtony bottom. This dale terminates at laſt in a narrow but ſteep channel, where, during the rainy ſeaſons, the mountain torrents ſtruggle for expanſion, and the little rivulet aſſumes a new and dignified character.

Thy rock-roof'd canopies, l. 2.] Some of the rocks in the dales reſemble the walls of an old caſtle; others are rudely disjointed, or hang over in the form of a canopy.

Part their grand forms, blue gulfs diſcloſe,
Swell or contract as Zephyr blows;
Onward they roll ſublime and ſlow,
And edge their wondrous ſhapes with ſnow.
Meanwhile the ſun with rapid glance
Glares from behind his ſhroud aſkance,
Bids his far-ſtreaming rays illume
With partial lights the moving gloom;
Dart on the hills or ruſtic ſpire,
And gild interior ſkies with fire;
Then ſoars aloft, of victory proud
O'er yielding continents of cloud,
Climbs on bright ſtep his ſapphire way,
And ſhines in all the dignity of day!

From my bold terrace burſts the ſcene,
Rob'd in a waving veſt of green;
Swift ſlopes my foreground's velvet lawn,
Late gliſtering with the tears of morn;

Bends o'er the ſhelving cliffs, or ſhrinks,
And tufts with fern the giddy brinks;
While mingling oaks in rude arcades
Chequer the green expanſe with ſhades,
Fronting, a ſiſter lawn diſplays
Umbrageous promont'ries and bays;
With grace ſuperior ſwells ſublime,
And marks the mouldering wrecks of time;
Sees the disjointed crags diſſolve,
Or down the echoing banks revolve;
Sees the wild torrent's maddening tide
Her graſs-enamell'd lap divide,

Sees the wide torrent's maddening tide, l. 45.] The little rivulet, that flows along the valley immediately below Wootton, is extremely ſubject to a violent influx of water, from the torrents that perpetually ſtream from Wever in the wet ſeaſons, and for the moſt part coaleſce in this one channel. In the month of Auguſt, 1793, this channel underwent a great enlargement. After a morning, not remarkable for the heat of the atmoſphere, the clouds ſuddenly collected from the north-weſt, while others of unuſual blackneſs rolled ſlowly from the north eaſt. They met over Wever hills, and after an apparent conflict, which was attended with brilliant lightning and loud thunder, diſcharged ſuch profuſe torrents, that the little rivulet, which one hour before could ſcarcely excite attention by a gentle murmur, became an object of terror to the adjacent village, tearing up the public roads, and ſweeping away walls, and the produce of gardens, with irreſiſtible fury. This

Grow with the ſtorm, diſcloſe huge caves,
Scoop out an empire for his waves:
Or marks, as now, with happier ſmile,
Nor tempeſt rave, nor torrent boil,
But ſunſhine clothe her birchen creſt,
The white rill gleaming down her breaſt.
Then o'er the dark embowering trees
Wind the green ſlopes with graceful eaſe;
Culture each ſidelong bank inlays,
And 'mid the ſcatter'd umbrage plays.

memorable ſtorm laſted for near two hours, extending, however, but a few miles over the country. On the following day, the waters having ſubſided, the ravages of the preceding evening were fully diſcloſed. Below the ſteep channel, which was mentioned in a former note as the termination of one of the dales, you might ſee not only trees torn up by their roots, and large cavities formed from the partial diſlodgment of the impending banks, but immenſe piles of ſtone that had been forcibly ſcooped out from the bottom, and tumbled one upon another in the wildeſt manner. Beyond you might ſee other enormous ſtones either left on their baſes (after having been removed for a conſiderable diſtance), or ſevered in twain from mutual concuſſion. Entering the meadows below the vale, theſe waters received large reinforcements, and, after ſweeping away the bridge on the turnpike road that leads from Aſhborne to Uttoxeter, diſcharged all their violence into the river Dove.

High on thoſe undulating lands
Half loſt in leaves the village ſtands,
Lifts her gray tower with age o'erſpread,
And light repoſes on its head:
Then branches wide the vale below,
And all the opening landſcapes glow;
In reaches bold, in grand removes,
Sweep hamlets, lawns, and cluſter'd groves,
Till the ſky-tinctur'd diſtance fades
Beyond thoſe dim retiring glades,
Where, floating wide, cerulean haze
Empurples EATON's leafy maze.
Ah Eaton! ſoon thy woodlands gay
Shall live alone in MUNDY's lay,

Half loſt in leaves the village, l. 58.] ELLASTON.

Lifts her gray tower, l. 59.] Ellaſton church.

Then branches wide the vale, l. 61.] The vale that leads from Aſhborne to Uttoxeter.

Ah Eaton! l. 69.] Eaton woods make a fine break in the diſtant outline of the ſcene from the terrace at Wootton: but ſince this poem was begun,

On Fancy's page immortal bloom,
And ſpurn the ſawpit's yawning tomb.
Oft-times the Bard, where Needwood low'rs,
Sigh'd as he view'd your conſcious bowers,
Ponder'd o'er CLARKE's untimely bier,
And Friendſhip dropp'd a tuneful tear.
Hence, Eaton, when thy woods dethron'd
Stoop from the heights they long have crown'd,
Dryads and Fauns, a ſilvan train,
At eve ſhall mourn thy parting reign,

the axe has made conſiderable deſtruction, and the Author is informed that all the woods are condemned. In Mr. Mundy's elegant poem on Needwood Foreſt, theſe woods, and their late proprietor, are thus beautifully noticed.

" Yes, Eaton banks, in vain I ſtrive
To hide the griefs your oaks revive:
Bow thy tall branches, grateful wood!
Afford me bloſſom, leaf, and bud.
He, for whoſe memory theſe I blend,
Thy late loſt maſter, was my friend.
Fall, gentle dews! freſh zephyrs, breathe!
Spread, cooling ſhades! preſerve my wreath!
Alas, it withers ere its time!—
So faded he in manly prime:
But Virtue, ſcorning Friendſhip's aid,
Rears its own palms which never fade!"

In pale proceſſion climb the ſteep,
And o'er thy withering honours weep;
Then ſhall the blue-ey'd nymphs of DOVE
Glance at thy naked realms above,
Lean on their ſilver oars, and hear
The dulcet dirge with feeling ear.

HYGEIA! guardian of theſe views!
With thee, fair guide, while ſummer ſtrews
Our walks with bluſhing ſweets, I ſeek
WEVER's cool vales, and breezy peak.
And firſt our eager ſteps ſhall bend,
Where Wootton's low-brow'd cliffs impend,
Where ſome coy path obſcur'd from day
Shall weave for us an artleſs way,

WEVER's *cool vales*, l. 90.] "Wever hills are a very elevated ſituation, overlooking, or at leaſt as high as any of the Morland or Derbyſhire Peak hills, which may be ſeen from their ſummits. I believe them to be from one to two hundred yards perpendicularly higher than any of the hills in the ſouth of the county. The fall even from the foot of theſe hills to the higheſt parts of the Dove, or the Churnet, is very great, and thoſe rivers are very rapid." *See Pitt's View of the Agriculture of Staffordſhire*, p. 191.

While many a rill with querulous tones
Frets o'er the moſs-embroider'd ſtones,
And liquid muſic ſoftly wakes
The ſtillneſs of thoſe tangled brakes.

Firſt the huge oak with duſky charms
The ſun's meridian rage diſarms;
Proud o'er the beetling crag he bends,
With bold contortions heaven aſcends;
His delving roots abrupt recoil,
Or ſtruggle through the flinty ſoil;
Chill twilight ſhrouds his trunk below,
And glory ſlumbers on his brow.
Next the tall aſh with airy grace
Sweeps from the rock's averted face,
Slowly expands her green attire,
And bids her penſile gems aſpire:

Firſt the huge oak, l. 99.] Many of the cliffs in the dales appear riſted by the oaks which have forcibly inſerted their roots and trunks between them: and ſome of the trees ſeem to ſupport the disjointed ſtrata of ſtone with their elbowy roots and excreſcences.

While hollies ſpread their horrent ſcreen,
And triumph in immortal green;
And many a time-worn elder ſhoots,
The gray moſs twining round his roots.
Boſom'd in gloom, yon birch diſplays
High o'er the bank her ſtreaming ſprays,
Silvers her bark with flakes of white,
And gliſtens with unborrow'd light.
Round crags by rude concuſſions torn,
The rival of the berried thorn
Cluſters with crimſon tufts her boughs,
And all the living coral glows.

Here as the ſilent orb of night
Silvers the crags with ſacred light,
Pours through the gaping rocks her beams,
And ſheds a glory on the ſtreams,
Old towers and ramparts burſt around,
Inchantment walks the hoary ground:

The rival of the berried thorn, l. 120.] The mountain aſh, or quicken.

Black ſhades contraſt the illumin'd ſcene,
And horror frowns thoſe dells between.
Pale o'er the woodlands moonſhine glows,
And pale the luſtrous deluge flows,
Rolls o'er the graves on WEVER's brow,
While yellow vapours ſwim below.

Such ſcenes the ſorrowing MELNA ſought,
Her ſoul with pure affection fraught,
Pierc'd with quick ſtep and throbbing breaſt
CONA's rude vales, diſtracted gueſt;
Bath'd with unpitied tears the earth,
And ſigh'd and mourn'd her hapleſs birth;
Call'd on HIDALLAN's darling name,
And wail'd her warrior's thirſt of fame.

And horror frowns thoſe dells between, l. 130.] Alluding to the ſteep woody promontory which was mentioned in the firſt note.

Rolls o'er the graves on WEVER's *brow*, l. 133.] Alluding to the *tumuli* on the ſummits of Wever hills.

Such ſcenes the ſorrowing MELNA *ſought*, l. 135.] For ſeveral of the images in the following epiſode I am indebted to the works of Oſſian.

Thus while ſhe moan'd, remorſeleſs Night
Dimm'd the laſt bluſh of weſtern light,
Wove a black canopy of cloud,
And round her flung his ſable ſhroud:
No ſtars aroſe with changeful blaze,
To cheer her path's bewilder'd maze;
No moon-beams glimmering through the trees
Trembled obedient to the breeze.
A while the weeping beauty ſtood
(Cold tremors courſing through her blood),
Then ſcreaming ruſh'd, with furious tread,
Along the manſions of the dead;
Where at this hour o'er mouldering graves
His beard of ſnow the thiſtle waves.
At length more calm, with looks reſign'd,
She check'd the tumult of her mind,
Rais'd her white arms, implor'd the moon
To ſhed on night her placid noon,
Then ſunk in agony of prayer,
Pale kneeling monument of care!

I.

Queen of the ſkies, who ſilver'ſt wide
This dreary world with glory's ſea,
Roll from thine orb the radiant tide,
And pour thy lucid ſtreams on ME!

II.

Here muffled dark in horrors dread,
I bow to ſacred Love's command,
While anguiſh claſps my aching head,
And terror chills with palſied hand:

III.

Oh hear! oh guide theſe wilder'd feet
To where my lov'd Hidallan ſtays;
Give me his long-loſt form to meet,
To light his eyes with fond amaze!

IV.

Give him, oh! ere with life I part,
Give him to lull theſe wild alarms;
Once more to ſooth my dying heart,
Once more to bleſs his MELNA's arms!

Then ceas'd the fair. With ſwimming eyes
She mark'd the ſhade-emboſom'd ſkies,
Saw the grim night diffuſe around
A blacker pall upon the ground:
"Alas! my fruitleſs prayer"—ſhe cried,
Sunk on the dew-cold moſs, and ſigh'd.
O'er her fine form diſaſtrous Sleep
Wav'd his wand wet from Lethe's deep,
Dire dreams convuls'd her labouring mind,
And phantoms ſtarted from behind:
When, lo! through opening clouds the moon
Shed o'er the vales her lucid noon,
Silver'd the ſable cheeks of night,
And horror ſmil'd at holy light.

Inſtant awaken'd by the glare
Of glory ſoft diffus'd through air,
She wonder'd much, with whom, and how,
Her ſteps e'er ſought theſe wilds below,
What ſpirit of the midnight hour
Dragg'd her from Cona's rock-roof'd bower;
When all at once remembrance dread
Impetuous ſeiz'd her ſhudd'ring head.
" Who comes?" ſhe ſhriek'd, " who haunts this vale?
" His looks! his robes of miſt! how pale!
" 'Tis he, 'tis he! my life! my love!
" Ye gods who hear me from above,
" 'Tis my Hidallan!—heavens! he flies,
" Drinks with unfeeling ear my cries."
Thrice with impaſſion'd grief ſhe pray'd,
And thrice ſhe claſp'd the fleeting ſhade;
But when ſhe ſaw his buoyant feet
Through ether's argent realms retreat,
Saw ſtars dim twinkle in his veſt,
And moonſhine glimmer through his breaſt,

Then with mad foot ſhe ſmote the ground,
Then ſtarted at the burſting ſound;
Wrung with wild hands her ſhadowy hair,
And ſtar'd, and laugh'd with fierce deſpair;
Thrill'd with delirious ſhouts the grove,
As frenzy fann'd the flames of love.

Sweet NORBURY, deck'd with rural ſmiles,
Gleams faintly through theſe ſilvan aiſles;
'Mid Gothic grandeur ſoars ſerene
O'er bold varieties of ſcene;

Sweet NORBURY, l. 219.] The parſonage at Norbury commands one of the moſt beautiful and extenſive proſpects in the county. Situated on an elevated woody knoll, that riſes from the banks of the Dove, it overlooks the entire vale from Aſhborne to Uttoxeter, whoſe lofty ſpires are diſcloſed at each extremity. From the north ſide of the houſe, Wootton and its adjacent woods appear to the greateſt advantage, and beyond them Wever and the neighbouring hills form a noble back-ground to this rich and varied landſcape. The parſonage was built by the late rector, Mr. Mills, whoſe happy taſte in ſelecting the preſent ſituation cannot be diſputed.

'Mid Gothic grandeur, l. 221.] The church at Norbury is a venerable pile of building, and from the banks of the Dove has a beautiful and highly picturesque effect. The following paſſage from a celebrated poet ſo nearly applies to the general ſcenery about Norbury, that I cannot refrain from quoting it at length:

"——O ye dales
Of Tyne, and ye moſt ancient woodlands; where
Oft as the giant flood obliquely ſtrides,

Sees Wever arch his giant creſt,
And give the ſouth his lawny breaſt;
Or when imperious winter ſcowls,
" And loud and long" the whirlwind howls,
With naked majeſty control
The frenzy of the northern pole;
Sees the connected vales unfold
Labour's rich realms of green and gold;
Sees at her feet the waters toil,
And drinks the thunder of Britannia's Nile.

> And his banks open and his lawns extend,
> Stops ſhort the pleaſed traveller, to view
> Preſiding o'er the ſcene ſome ruſtic tower
> Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands."—*Akenſide.*

With naked majeſty, l. 227.] The ſummits of Wever occaſionally aſſume a ſingular and beautiful appearance during a violent ſnow-ſtorm, when it happens that the clouds are ſo directed by the currents of wind, that, while the vales are loſt amidſt the driving vapour, theſe ſummits enjoy the full ſplendour of a meridian ſun.

And drinks the thunder of Britannia's Nile, l. 232.] Dr. Plot and other writers have given the Dove, in conſequence of the great fertility of its waters, the appellation of the Britiſh Nile:

> " Down yon mid vale the Britiſh Nile,
> Fair Dove, comes winding many a mile."—*Mundy.*

Yon oak, whoſe tottering trunk diſplays
The tarniſh'd pride of other days,
Still wreathes his ſhatter'd head with green,
With charm of contraſt aids the ſcene.
Oft have I linger'd to ſurvey
That trunk with age enamell'd gray;
O'er his rent bark pale lichen bends,
And moſs her folds of velvet blends,
Where inſect nations range unſeen,
And mine the arboreſcent ſcreen;
Weave with nice ſkill the eider fold,
And cradle embryo young from cold.
With what fell art the ſpider ſpreads
His gliſtering ſnare, mechanic threads;
Redundant meſhes bright unfurls,
And round each bud ingenious whirls.
Ye inſect armies, who delight
To ſkim the realms of breezy night,
Or twinkling through the noontide glare,
With buſy murmurs fill the air;

If floating on the zephyr's breath,
Ye ruſh within theſe webs of death,
From his dread ambuſh darts the foe,
Enraptur'd with the cries of woe,
Swift glides along his tremulous toil,
And riots o'er his ſtruggling ſpoil.

As Spring's ambroſial hands unfold
The floral buds of breathing gold,
With thy ſweet voice, Hygeia, lead
Stout youths and damſels o'er the mead;
And where yon oak exalts his creſt,
And broad expands his jutting breaſt,
Weave the gay-ſmiling dance around,
To ſimple meaſures beat the ground,
Twine his hoar trunk with Flora's charms,
With fragrance wreathe his duſky arms.
So when the Summer's rural train
Swarms o'er the hayfield's tufted plain;

And when relentleſs Autumn pours
On earth's chill boſom leafy ſhowers,
Rimes the blue eyelids of the dawn,
And froſts with cryſtal gems the lawn;
Thy welcome ſteps, Hygeia, guide
Theſe groves and deepening dales beſide,
While Peace her grateful influence breathes,
And ſcatters Plenty's golden wreaths.
And when old Winter chains the floods,
With tempeſts loads theſe labouring woods,
Drives headlong ſtorms from Wever's brow,
And ſmooths the whiten'd world below;
Here 'mid the drifted wild diſcloſe
Thy vermeil lips, and ivory brows,
Youth's arduous toil with ſmiles aſſuage,
And paint the wrinkled cheeks of age.

When bleak December's arctic breath
Urges the giant "work of death,"

Prone from theſe crags, high-roof'd with ſnow,
Pellucid piles *inceſſant* grow:
Vaſt columns deck'd with fretwork nice,
Glimmer on pedeſtals of ice,
The ſun, the whelming whirlwind brave,
And ſeem to prop the penſile cave.

Pellucid piles inceſſant *grow*, l. 290.] The inceſſant droppings from many of the cliffs in the vicinity of Wootton produce in the courſe of a ſevere winter ſome of the moſt ſingular and beautiful pillars of ice that imagination can deviſe. In the month of January, 1795, I meaſured many of them that were from four to eleven feet in altitude, and from ſix inches to four feet in circumference. Some of theſe columns were of very unequal periphery, and jagged and fluted in a fantaſtic manner. Thoſe that were of uniform thickneſs appeared as elegant ſupporters to the impending ſhelves and canopies of rock. The ſurfaces of the adjacent crags were beautifully glazed and decorated with a bright coating of ice, through which the *marchantia polymorpha* and ſeveral ſpecies of moſs and fern diſplayed the luxuriancy of ſpring. From the ceiling of the celebrated cavern in Dove-dale (well known by the name of Reynard's Hall) vaſt pendants of ice were cluſtered together, many of which, I believe, were full four yards in length; and theſe were tapered down to ſo fine a periphery, that their extremities were as ſharp as the point of a ſword. Others were twiſted in a ſingular mode, and variegated with white incruſtations of ice and ſnow, and the ſides of the cavern were partially emboſſed with cryſtal nodules. The floor of this ſpacious cavern appeared decorated by the hand of magic. Wherever the droppings fell upon it, they became congealed; and hence one drop freezing upon another produced eccentric pillars of ice. Theſe were of various dimenſions, and of different colour. Had the froſt continued a month longer, it is probable that theſe pillars would have come into contact with the growing pendants from the roof.

Indignant Froſt the rock ſurveys,
And eyes beneath the cryſtal glaze,
Green foliage ſmile, and ſpangled fling
O'er his pale ice the tints of ſpring.
With dread ſeverity of tone
He bellows from his ice-built throne:
" Shall Spring with verdant ſmiles preſume
" To brighten Winter's deſtin'd gloom?
" Shelter'd with ice can ſhe defy
" The rigour of my polar ſky?"
Stamps the deep drift, and dark inſhrouds
His withering head in awful clouds,
Showers from his ſhrivell'd hands around
Fierce hailſtones on the marble ground,
Breathes from his noſtrils keener gales,
And Famine ſtalks along the vales!
Then ſtraight the copſe, the woodlands tall,
Their laſt ſurviving honours fall;
Spite of the tyrant, Flora ſpreads
With fern her moſs-emboſom'd beds,

Beneath an icy mirror weaves
A rich embroidery of leaves.

So the dire EMPRESS of the North
Saw POLAND's glory burſting forth;

So the dire EMPRESS, l. 317.] Since this poem was written, the Empreſs of Ruſſia has ceaſed to exiſt, and death has removed from the world one of the moſt formidable tyrants in female form that ever threatened the liberties of mankind. If we look into the life of this extraordinary woman, we ſhall find indeed little to admire, but much to condemn. Actuated by no principle of virtue, ambitious of unlimited power, crafty and reſolute in her policy, ſhe affected to conſider the oppreſſion of ſurrounding nations as a duty ſhe owed to the ſafety of her own empire. It has however been aſſerted, that ſhe was a *popular* ſovereign within her dominions; but let it be remembered, that attachment and loyalty are often profeſſed from *fear*, and it would require more than papal faith to believe that this principle had no influence with her enſlaved commonalty. If we examine the ancient boundaries of Ruſſia, and compare them with thoſe that are delineated on a modern chart, truth will oblige us to confeſs the amazing growth of the empire under her auſpices. But the hiſtorian, who exerciſes his ſolemn inquiry into the conduct of ſovereigns, will inform poſterity, that the aggrandiſement of Ruſſia in the late reign was attended with wanton tyranny and refined barbarities; and that rivers of human blood were made to flow from that horrible ſpirit of revenge which was ever conſpicuous in the counſels of Catharine. Painful however muſt be the feelings of the hiſtorian who details with fidelity the maſſacres at Iſmail, or thoſe of a later date at Praga: for there are (as an admirable author obſerves) "certain degrees of human depravity creative of ſenſations, which no tongue can expreſs, and no language deſcribe."—*Belſham.*

Saw the bright ſun of freedom ſhine
On Weyſel's tide with light divine:
Freſh radiance to each eye impart,
And kindle each exulting heart.
As round her throne gay courtiers preſs'd,
She thus the gaudy ſlaves addreſs'd:
" Shall Poland e'er preſume to ſcan
" The laws that fetter man from man;
" Shall Liberty *her* breaſt inſpire,
" And Genius fan *her* thoughts of fire?
" Yon ſun, that rolls its dazzling flood,
" Shall ſet in darkneſs and in blood!"
She ſpoke—prieſts, nobles, warriors bow'd,
And zeal fanatic ſeiz'd the crowd!
Soon Poland heard the clanking chains,
With crimſon carnage heav'd her plains,
Genius with death-like groans retir'd,
And ſtruggling Liberty expir'd.
But hark! ſome ſpirit ſeems to ſay,
Though Power may ſtretch his brutal ſway,

And fierce with iron fences bind
Each nobler effort of the mind,
Hovers the hour, when Juſtice dread
On Tyranny's devoted head
Shall wing Deſtruction's bitter blaſt,
And bid the demon breathe his laſt;
Then ſhall this great, this heaven-taught truth,
Enliven Poland's riſing youth:
Chains are the portion of the ſlave—
The virtuous will be free and brave.
So ſpeaks amid th' admiring crowd
Immortal WASHINGTON aloud!
Sublime he ſtands with ſheathed ſword
On Virtue's fane Columbia's lord.

Chains are the portion of the ſlave—
The virtuous will be free and brave, l. 348.] "The author hopes that he ſhall not be cenſured for unneceſſary warmth on ſo intereſting a ſubject. He is aware that it is become almoſt faſhionable to ſtigmatize ſuch ſentiments as no better than empty declamation; but it is an ill ſymptom, and peculiar to modern times."

On Virtue's fane Columbia's lord, l. 352.] When this line was written, General Waſhington was Preſident of America. He has now retired from

Fair Liberty with graceful march
Walks through the temple's trophied arch,
Mounts the bright ſteps, the Parian road
That winds around the bleſt abode;
Leads Peace along th' eternal height,
Veſted in downy robes of light.
With artleſs ſmiles the ſeraph pair
Applaud their patron's generous care,
And ſweetly bending on their knees
With native elegance of eaſe,
Preſent aloft the olive wreath,
To liſtening nations pæans breathe.
Charm'd as the vocal accents flow,
Labour inclines his ſwarthy brow,
Strews far around, array'd in health,
Leaves, flowers, and fruitage, bluſhing wealth!

the helm of affairs; but his name, like that of William the Third, will always be dear to every lover of genuine liberty; and he is with juſtice entitled the Saviour of his Country, the Supporter of Freedom, and the Benefactor of Mankind.

While Trade, with all her ſails unfurl'd,
Proclaims the PATRIOT OF THE WORLD.

O Wootton! oft I love to hear
Thy wintry whirlwinds loud and clear;
With dreadful pleaſure bid them fill
My liſtening ears, my boſom chill.
As the ſonorous North aſſails
Wever's bleak wilds and leafleſs vales,
With awful majeſty of might
He burſts the billowy clouds of night,
Booms the reſounding glens among,
And roaring rolls his ſnows along.
In clouds againſt my groaning ſaſh
Broad feathery flakes inceſſant daſh,
Or wheel below, and mingling form
The frolic pageants of the ſtorm.
Hark! with what aggravated roar
Echo repeats her midnight lore;

Rends her dark ſolitudes and caves,
And bellowing ſhakes the mighty graves;
Appals with horror Fancy's mind,
While ghoſts diſturb'd ſhrill-ſhriek upon the wind.
Couch'd on her ſeat the timid hare
Liſtens each boiſterous ſweep of air,
Or peeps yon blaſted furze between,
And eyes the ſnow-bewilder'd ſcene;
Inſtant retracts her ſhudd'ring head,
And cloſer neſtles to her bed.
All ſad and ruffled in the grove,
The fieldfare wakes from dreams of love;
Hears the loud north and beating ſnow,
Regards the drifted brakes below,
Swift to her wing returns her beak,
And ſhivers as the tempeſts break.
Upſtarts the village dog aloof,
And howls beneath his rifted roof;

And bellowing ſhakes the mighty graves, l. 388.] Alluding to the numerous *tumuli* on Wever and the adjacent hills.

Looks from his den, and blinking hears
The driving tumult at his ears,
Inſtant withdraws his fear-froze breaſt,
Shrinks from the ſtorm, and ſteals to reſt.
So ſhrinks the pining fold, and ſleeps
Beneath the valley's vaulted deeps;
Or crops the feſcue's dewy blade,
And treads unſeen the milky glade,
Forms by its breath fair-opening bowers,
Tranſparent domes and pearly towers.

Thus night rolls on, till orient dawn
Unbars the purple gates of morn,
Unfolds each vale, each ſnow-clad grove,
Mute founts, and gloſſy banks above.

So ſhrinks the pining fold, l. 409.] It frequently happens that ſheep, in this and the Peak country, are immerſed many feet deep in the ſnow, for ſeveral days, before they are diſcovered. The perpetual ſteam from their noſtrils keeps the ſnow immediately over their heads in a diſſolving ſtate, and hence a tunnel is conſtantly forming through the heaps above. This tunnel greatly facilitates their diſcovery, and ſupplies them with an abundance of freſh air. The warmth of theſe animals ſoon diſſolves the ſurrounding ſnow, and, at

Thin ſtreaky clouds unvex'd by ſtorms
Slowly expand their tiſſued forms,
Long bars of gray and crimſon bright
Divert the golden threads of light;
Till Glory's naſcent curve diſplays
One ſplendid orb, a world of rays!
Then lightens heaven's ethereal bound,
And all the ſpangled country twinkles round.

But leaves the Muſe her flowery plain
For ſurly Winter's drear domain,
Her babbling founts, her ſpacious ſhades,
For leafleſs groves and dumb caſcades?
Come, let us range yon winding wood,
Where Nature frowns with aſpect rude;

length, the driſt is ſo completely vaulted that they are able to ſtretch their limbs and ſearch for ſubſiſtence. I am informed that ſheep have been frequently found alive after having been entombed in the ſnow for a fortnight. Dr. Darwin, in his note upon *Polypodium Barometz*, in the ſecond vol. of the Botanic Garden, obſerves, that when living animals are thus buried in ſnow, they are not moiſtened by its diſſolution, on account of the watery particles being abſorbed into the ſurrounding ſnow by capillary attraction.

Wild drapery hangs her craggy ſeat,
And ſilence chills her lone retreat.
But who can paint the ſhaggy ſcene,
Semblance of Britain's ancient mien,
Ere Labour twin'd his wheaten wreath,
Ere Sculpture taught the rock to breathe?
Such ſcenes enrapture GILPIN's heart,
When charm'd he leaves the realms of art;
High heaven and earth his thoughts engage,
And Taſte and Virtue crown the ſage.
Lo! as he walks his foreſt glade,
Broad ſhifting lights contraſt the ſhade,
Dark waves the oak its giant form,
Looks o'er the clouds or gathering ſtorm;
In marſhall'd groups or playful trains
Gay hollies deck the furzy plains;
While fring'd with thickets Beaulieu ſails,
And tremulous brightneſs floods the vales;

Her ſea-girt mountains VECTA ſpreads,
And lambent gleams reveal their heads.

Now as we climb our Alpine way,
Wide burſts around the vault of day.
Blaze not ſo fierce, ye torrid beams,
Aſſuage your ſcintillating ſtreams;
Hither diffuſe, ye ſummer clouds,
Your lucid veils, your fleecy ſhrouds;
Breathe cool, ye panſing airs, and ſweep
Earth's thyme-wove hills, and emerald deep:
So ſhall my flowers their gems unrol,
And ſtud with golden ſtars each knoll;

VECTA, l. 451.] Iſle of Wight.

So ſhall my flowers their gems unrol,
And ſtud with golden ſtars each knoll, l. 462.] In addition to the *Lepidium petræum*, *Draba muralis*, *Orchis bifolia*, *Spiræa filipendula*, *Parnaſſia paluſtris*, *Oſmunda lunaria*, &c. the *Viola grandiflora*, or great yellow violet, makes a beautiful appearance on the ſummits of Wever. Many of the moſſy knolls and hillocs are frequently ſtudded with the golden petals of this elegant plant. The late ingenious Mr. Hudſon obſerves, in his Flora Anglica, "habitat in montoſis paſcuis, et in Wallicis ſolo putrido et paluſtri multoties obſervavimus." When it grows in low *marſhy* ſituations its mountain character

O'er theſe aërial heights diſcloſe
A brighter bluſh when evening glows.

See how majeſtic Wever's brow
Swells from each broken ſcene below!
O'er the wide vales he bends ſublime,
And triumphs in his polar clime;
Baſking and tann'd, the landſcapes hail
His frown the ſhade, his ſigh the gale.
Sunk on the cuſhion'd moſs I view
Hills half-immers'd in vapours blue;
There his pale barrier Malvern rears,
And *here* ambitious Wrekin peers;

is nearly loſt. I remember gathering this plant in Wales with ſtems ten or eleven inches in length, which were covered with leaves, and flowers of a proportionate ſize. Theſe hung over a bank, and formed a beautiful fringe of green, purple, and gold. Some of the bloſſoms were entirely yellow; others half purple and half yellow; others totally purple, excepting a green or a golden eye. There were poſſibly many more of theſe *luſus Floræ* on the ſame ſpot. On Maſſon, near Matlock, in Derbyſhire, moſt of theſe varieties upon *ſhort* footſtalks may be diſcovered.

There his pale barrier, l. 473.] The Wrekin in Shropſhire, and the Malvern hills in Worceſterſhire, may be diſcerned by the naked eye from the ſummit of Wever, when the weather is ſettled and ſerene.

Buoy'd on a ſea of miſt he ſoars,
And looks o'er Cambria's winding ſhores;
Lifts his tall creſt with jealous fear,
And ſeems to prop the leaning ſphere.
Stretch'd at my feet, what proſpects glow!
A world of verdure ſmiles below.
Smooth'd in one vaſt expánſe of green,
Hamlets, and hills, and woods are ſeen:
And where yon far-fam'd valley leads
Her velvet o'er a thouſand meads,
Dove wanders with increaſing force,
And threads of ſilver mark his courſe:
But north of theſe encircling graves,
Where Bunſter's ridgy outline waves,

Dove wanders with increaſing force, l. 485.] The Churnet falls into the Dove a few miles below Wootton, and greatly increaſes the current of that river.

But north of theſe encircling graves, l. 487.] Alluding to the *tumuli* which are ſcattered upon Wever and the adjacent hills. I ſaw one of them opened about two years ſince, and ſeveral large urns of burnt clay were then diſcovered. When they were removed they broke to pieces, and diſcloſed a quantity of aſhes, bones, and teeth. In the aſhes of one of theſe urns a ſmall piece of braſs or copper was found, and which is now in my poſſeſſion: it appears

Freſh from his boiling ſource he guides
Round fringed iſles his infant tides;
Or chill'd with awful ſhadows ſweeps,
And murmuring rolls his gloſſy deeps:
Shoots o'er the ſhoals, and bounding ſteers
Long lines of foam from rock-built wears.
Then far beyond rude hills aſpire,
Range above range, in blue attire;

to have been the extremity of a ſpear, or a knife. To what nation theſe tumuli belong the antiquarian muſt determine. It is probable that in Mr. Shaw's promiſed Hiſtory of Staffordſhire, an account will be given of theſe ancient receptacles of the dead.

Where Bunſter's ridgy outline waves, l. 488.] "The higheſt ſummit of Bunſter I eſtimate at 300 yards perpendicular above the Dove; but this hill, though of great elevation, is not nearly equal to Wever, nor ſo high as ſome of the Peak hills over the Dove." *See Pitt's View of the Agriculture of Staffordſhire.*

Long lines of foam from rock-built wears, l. 494.] The late Sir William Fitzherbert, or his father, of Tiſſington, in Derbyſhire, erected ſeveral rude wears acroſs the river in Dove-dale; and if they contribute little to the ſurrounding ſcenery, they certainly render the Dove a grander object to the *ear* of the traveller.

Where the loſt eye purſues in vain
Gigantic Grindon's bleak domain,
Where yawning THOR the vale alarms,
And Beauty ſleeps in Horror's arms.

Gigantic Grindon's bleak domain, l. 498.] The village of Grindon is ſituated on a hill of remarkable elevation.

Where yawning THOR, l. 499.] Thor's Cave is ſituated a few miles from Grindon, and is juſtly entitled to the peculiar attention of every traveller. The mouth of the cave, the loſty and almoſt perpendicular precipice from whence it opens, the adjacent hills, the deep vale beneath, in whoſe boſom the river Manifold flows, form an aſtoniſhing diſplay of natural grandeur and beauty. For a truly poetical deſcription of Thor's Cave, I refer the reader to an author, whoſe poetry can periſh only with language itſelf. *See Darwin's Botanic Garden*, vol. ii. p. 104.

CANTO II.

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THE

VALES OF WEVER.

CANTO II.

——By yonder ſtream,
Where oak and elm along the bordering mead
Send forth wild melody from every bough,
Together let us wander: where the hills,
Cover'd with fleeces, to the lowing vale
Reply; where tidings of content and peace
Each echo brings. *Akenſide.*

O NORTHWOOD! oft the poet ſings
How bleſt are they who taſte the ſprings

O NORTHWOOD! l. 1.] The valley of Northwood is ſequeſtered and romantic. It conſiſts of a long winding boſom, conſiderably overſhadowed with ſteep ſide-ſcreens of wood. Theſe ſhady maſſes are pleaſingly diverſified with glades, and ſtony paſtures running between them. A brook glides through this valley, and a ſmall hamlet, compoſed of the beautiful gray ſtone of the country, is ſcattered on its brink.

That bathe Arcadia's blooming waſte,
With flowers and purple fruitage grac'd;
How bleſt, who range her vine-hung bowers,
When Noon his arrowy luſtre pours,
While ſweet Bœotian zephyrs play,
And fragrance cools the cheek of day:
So I, in humble meaſures, hail
Thoſe bleſt who dwell within thy vale,
Who, 'mid their flocks and rural toil,
Feel conſcious of my GRANVILLE's ſmile;
Thoſe bleſt, who preſs thy moſs-clad ſeats,
Or roam along thy coy retreats,
Thy ſilvan theatres and bays,
Where many a truant pathway ſtrays,
Where many a flowret gems the green,
And breathes its odorous life unſeen.
Oft though my ſteps imprint thy glades,
And pauſe beneath thy grateful ſhades;
Oft though mine ears, when noon retires,
Liſten thy wildly-warbling quires;

Yet ever varying, ever new,
With joy thy ſcenes my eyes purſue:
Whether from yon incumbent height
They hurry on my raptur'd ſight,
Or ſtealing through the ſilvan gloom,
I view them in a verdant loom:
Where on the dappled woof wide-ſpread,
An elm uprears his rev'rend head;
His front the whiſp'ring breeze receives,
The blue ſky trembles through his leaves.
A cottage group beneath his ſhade
Their locks with flowers and ruſhes braid;
And gurgling round dark beds of ſedge,
A brook juſt ſhews its ſilver edge:
Then where the riſing tiſſue bends,
Broider'd with rock a bank impends;
And far, by Nature's hand deſign'd,
A woodland diſtance waves behind.

How bright aſide this glittering way
The wild-thyme weaves her rich inlay!
Spiræa glows, and breathing ſpeeds
Oppreſſive fragrance o'er the meads.
Zephyr at Flora's mandate ſprings,
And ſoft expands his viewleſs wings,
Wafts, as he fans the bloſſom'd ground,
Her blended eſſences around.—
Meek flowret! fair as Lapland ſnow,
Long mayſt thou deck thoſe banks below,
While here thy ſiſter trains unfold
Their ſapphire cheeks and eyes of gold!
So 'mid the blue profound of night,
Galaxy ſtreams with ſnowy light,

Spiræa glows, l. 43.] *Spiræa ulmaria*, or *Meadow-ſweet.*

Meek flowret! l. 49.] Myoſotis ſcorpioides, or Mouſe-ear ſcorpion graſs, grows abundantly in the valley of Northwood; and its numerous flowers of bright blue, with a golden ring in their centre, make a very elegant appearance early in the ſummer. On ſome banks in this valley a beautiful variety of this plant may be found, with bloſſoms of the moſt delicate white.

While Venus lifts her golden eye,
And countleſs glories gem the ſky.

Hark! how yon ſhritecock thrills the grove,
How ſweet the minſtrelſy of love!
Perch'd on the cover's loftier ſpray,
He charms the languid ear of day.
Oft as he bends his plumy wreath,
And eyes the briar'd brake beneath,
Where, curtain'd from intemperate ſkies,
The partner of his ſummer joys,

Hark! how yon ſhritecock, l. 57.] The ſhritecock, or miſſeltoe-thruſh, abounds in this country, and as ſoon as the ſeverity of winter is paſt, his delightful melody is heard at the firſt break of day. He ſelects ſome peculiar tree early in the ſpring, to which, if unmoleſted, he will invariably reſort, and continue to ſing from the ſame ſituation for ſeveral hours every day, until the decline of ſummer. The nightingale is alſo obſerved to ſelect ſome peculiar buſh in the brake in preference to others. I think Shakeſpeare, Milton, and Maſon, have noticed this circumſtance; and it has not eſcaped Dr. Darwin:

> "There as ſad Philomel, alike forlorn,
> Sings to the night from her *accuſtom'd* thorn."
>
> *Botanic Garden*, vol. i. l. 34.

With ſilken wings, and eider breaſt,
Sits cow'ring o'er her pregnant neſt,
His throbbing heart affection ſwells,
And louder ſongs of rapture thrill the dells.

High o'er the covers STANTON towers,
And views with jealous hate theſe bowers:
Stripp'd of her oaks and hawthorn ſhades,
She ſpurns the grove, the wood-wild glades;
Braves Winter's ice-encruſted form,
And challenges the midnight ſtorm;
Or ſtrains her neck with haughty air,
And meets the ſun with eagle ſtare;
Points her cold boſom to his rays,
And baſks ſublime in Summer's blaze.

High o'er the covers STANTON *towers*, l. 69.] The village of Stanton is ſituated on a bleak eminence, and commands very rich and extenſive proſpects. From the appearance of the ſoil in many of the adjacent incloſures, and from many ſtools of trees, ſtill diſcernible, there is reaſon to ſuppoſe that a great part of this naked moor was formerly overſhadowed with wood. In this village, I am informed, the celebrated Archbiſhop Sheldon was born, who founded the Theatre at Oxford, and bequeathed a valuable library to that Univerſity.

Lo! where thoſe oaks encircling meet,
There Genius form'd his rural ſeat.
Oft in calm ſolitude the ſage
Compos'd his faſcinating page:
Or bending on the turf ſurvey'd
With nice regard each flower and blade:
Or mark'd gay Nature's liberal ſmile,
Admir'd Britannia's temperate iſle;
Yet thought on Gallia's lovelier vales,
Her brighter founts, her ſofter gales,
Thought on her *chains* with Freedom's ſigh,
And all the patriot kindled in his eye.

Lo! where thoſe oaks encircling meet,
There Genius form'd his rural ſeat, l. 80.] In a field, at a ſmall diſtance from Northwood, ſtands a cluſter of oaks, commonly called the *Twenty Oaks.* They form a circle, diſcloſing between their trunks a beautiful proſpect. To this ſilent retreat Rouſſeau uſed frequently to retire, during his reſidence at Wootton, and ſome of the ſtones may ſtill be ſeen which formed his ſeat.

Compos'd his faſcinating page, l. 82.] Letters on Botany, by J. J. Rouſſeau.

With what delight I view the ſkies,
Now fluſh'd with evening's brilliant dies!
While floods of glowing vapour ſpread
Along each vale's prolific bed.
Poor, but contented, yonder ſwain,
Returning from the golden plain,
Climbs the tall cliff with cheerful tread,
And ſees afar his turf-built ſhed,
Where Love connubial forms the ſmile
Which brightens poverty and toil;
Where cherub Innocence expands,
Loaded with flowers, his baby hands,
Strews harebells o'er the cottage floor,
With orchis garlands wreathes the door.
Oh! ſay what marble-pillar'd dome,
Where Vice and ſceptred Grandeur roam,

With orchis garlands, l. 104.] The *Orchis maculata*, or ſpotted orchis, grows ſo profuſely in many parts of this country, that the walls of cottages are frequently decorated with garlands compoſed of its purple ſpikes.

Within thy boſom can excite
Feelings ſo pregnant with delight
As ſcenes like theſe. Is aught ſo fair,
Beneath this argent cope of air,
As Love and Labour charm'd to reſt
On ſweet Contentment's balmy breaſt?

Once more the morn with bluſhing rays
Steals o'er my Northwood's ſilvan maze,
Fringes her flowery meads with dews,
And ſoft unrols her diſtant views:
From her brook's vocal channel ſteams
The curling miſt in ſilvery gleams,
Through crowding alders ſmokes afar,
Swells from the vale, and melts in air.
Not ſo when Winter's icy hand
Whitens Britannia's ſhivering land;
Then ſlow the billowy vapours glide,
And roll their lazy oceans wide.

Oft have I mark'd from MATHFIELD's brow
Her miſt-emboſom'd realms below,
While here and there a ſoaring tree
Waded amid the vapoury ſea,
And ASHBORNE's ſpire to diſtant ſight
Tower'd like a maſt in dubious light:
If through the lucid gloom the ſun
With ſtruggling beams his journey won,
Soon as he rais'd his crimſon eye,
With tranſport flaſh'd th' illumin'd ſky;
The vane rekindling at his blaze
Shot like a meteor through the haze;
The trees in liquid luſtre flow'd,
And all the dim tranſparence glow'd.—
Pale are the ſplendours that adorn,
In theſe bleſt regions, Winter's morn,
To thoſe that gild the dreary ſteeps
Of Lapland pil'd in awful heaps;

Oft have I mark'd from MATHFIELD's *brow*, l. 125.] The village of Upper Mathfield is ſituated a very few miles diſtant from Aſhborne.

Where as the riſing orb of day
Bids all his glorious lightnings play,
Inſtant the ſnow-incruſted ſcene
Unfolds a dazzling waſte of ſheen:
Their diamond brows the mountains bend,
The foreſts ice-girt arms extend;
The torpid cataract diſplays
Cerulean curves of magic rays.
The ruſtic on his lawns below
Shoves from his cot the melting ſnow,
Salutes the wondrous change, and ſeems
To taſte of life's diviner ſtreams;
Breathes with delight the temperate air,
And views with half-ſhut eyes the boundleſs glare.

Hark! what hoarſe clamours rend the vale!
What thunders load th' affrighted gale!
Peal anſwers peal; the woods around
Reverb'rate the preſageful ſound.

Ah me! though Summer's genial ray
Wak'd into life each tender ſpray,
Cloth'd yon proud wood in robes of green,
And Peace and Beauty bleſs'd the ſcene;
This morn is doom'd to proſtrate low
The oaken crown from OUSELEY's brow.
There oft the traveller paſſing by,
"Stops ſhort," though evening hover nigh,
Leans on his ſtaff, well-pleas'd ſurveys,
OUSELEY! thy dale, thy leafy maze;
Where glides the emerald mead between
Thy ſloping hill's embowering ſcreen,
Where thy gray cottage, roof'd with heath,
Fronts the ſweet-opening road beneath;
While eddying ſlow the blue ſmoke creeps
Round thy dark woods and pendent ſteeps,

The oaken crown from OUSELEY's *brow*, l. 166.] In the valley of Northwood ſtands a cottage, well known by the name of Ouſeley Croſs. It is ſituated on the confines of a beautiful dell, and before the deſtruction of one of its beſt appendages (Rangemoor Wood), could not fail of attracting the eye of the moſt indifferent obſerver. This hanging wood was cut down *indiſcriminately*, according to the faſhion of modern times.

And o'er its rocky bed thy ſtream
Complaining darts a ſcanty gleam.
See where the joyous woodmen throng—
I hate their unrelenting ſong:—
See how their buſy arms reveal
Keen lightnings from th' uplifted ſteel;
Nor generous Youth, nor hoary Age,
Nor Beauty's ſelf, can ſtay their rage;
Stalks Havoc with coloſſal ſtride,
And hurls the ſilvan ruins wide.

Thus late round WARSAW's marſhy plains,
SUWARROW led his valiant trains;

Thus late round WARSAW'S *marſhy plains*, l. 187.] "Mark," ſays a ſublime parliamentary orator, "the ſtill more ſanguinary efforts of the deſpot of Ruſſia. * See her thanking her favourite General Suwarrow, and, ſtill more impious, thanking Heaven for the opportunity: thanking him for the moſt iniquitous act of cruelty the bloody page of hiſtory has recorded, the murderous ſcene at PRAGA! where, not in the heat and fury of action, not in the firſt moments of impatience and revenge; but, after a cold deliberate pauſe of ſome hours, he ordered a methodical maſſacre of ten thouſand women and children!"—*Mr. Sheridan, in the Houſe of Commons.*

For a brief account of the horrible maſſacres committed by General Suwarrow and his army at the capture of Iſmail, upon the 22d of December, 1790, ſee Belſham's Memoirs of George III. vol. iv. p. 242.

High o'er the crimſon-bannet'd throng
The proud barbarian tower'd along,
Gave Freedom's ſons untimely graves,
And frown'd the cowards into ſlaves!
Yes, wretched POLAND! Virtue weeps
Thy ſons laid low in mangled heaps,
Thy daughters gaſping on the ground,
Thy babes in Death's cold fetters bound.
No tender voice aſſuag'd their cries,
No finger clos'd their dying eyes,
Nor dirge, nor ſlowly-chaunted prayer,
Peal'd through the ſullen vault of air:
But o'er thy widely-mournful lands
Fierce Murder clapp'd his reeking hands;
Loud ſtamp'd in PRAGA's groaning ſtreet,
The bands of hell, their iron feet,
Shouted like Herod's fiends of yore,
And bath'd their limbs in human gore.

With grief I mark the burſting light,
Where lately frown'd umbrageous Night;

Where, when the fathers of that wood
Aloft in rev'rend grandeur ſtood,
The moon-bright fairies tripp'd along,
And ſoftly trill'd their cuſtom'd ſong,
By glens and luſtrous thickets ſtray'd,
And little ſhadows ſkimm'd the glade.
Sweet roſe-leaves wreath'd their flaxen hair,
Their azure mantles wav'd in air;
Beads of freſh dew on cobwebs ſtrung,
Around their necks of ivory hung;
And as they chas'd the breeze of night,
Their blue eyes ſparkled with delight.

And are YE fallen, YE who late
Look'd conſcious of ſuperior ſtate,
Flung twilight o'er the graſſy knoll,
As noon inflam'd the ſouthern pole?

And are YE *fallen, who late,* l. 221.]. Adjoining to *Ouſeley Croſs* was a bowling-green, which is ſtill diſcernible, where the gentlemen in the neighbourhood formerly aſſembled. On the edge of this ancient green were ſtationed ſome oaks and elms of great magnitude and remarkable beauty. At this moment they lie ſtretched on thoſe banks which they uſed to ſhade and adorn.

'Tis mournful to recall your bowers
Impervious to the ſummer ſhowers;
'Tis mournful to retrace this ſcene,
The feſtive board, the crowd, the green
That ſtill with velvet ſward betrays
The happier feats of other days.
The axe again! freſh terrors ſeize
The infant copſe, the aged trees.
Think not, ye woods, who fondly ſtay
The golden ſmiles of parting day,
Think not, that Havoc's ruthleſs hand
Shall daſh your honours on the land:
My friend, your maſter, ſpreads his arms,
He comes to ſhield you from alarms;
Yes, he delights to ſee you climb,
Tuft above tuft, his banks ſublime;
To ſee your generous branches riſe
Free, as himſelf, amid the ſkies.

Think not, ye woods, who fondly ſtay
The golden ſmiles of parting day, l. 234.] Several of the lofty ſide-ſcreens of wood, fronting the weſt, are the property of the Rev. J. Granville, of Calwich.

From theſe diſtracted realms I lead
My ſteps o'er many a waving mead,
To groves with ſacred ſtillneſs bleſt,
To ſcenes congenial to my breaſt.
Come, GRANVILLE! thou, whoſe foſtering hand
Guards the ſlow growths of Albion's land;
For thee, O friend, the placid Spring
Wafts her pure balm on ſweeteſt wing;
Thy lake's clear azure whiſpering curls,
And Flora's tiſſued veil unfurls.
For thee the woodland kings diſplay
The ſilvery gem, the golden ſpray,
Weave o'er thy banks a penſile wreath,
And cool thy twilight walks beneath.

HERE amid black ſequeſter'd ſhades,
That darken'd once thoſe ſunny glades,
Frown'd a gray PILE! The graſs-grown walls
(Dire Superſtition's gloomy halls),

Frown'd a gray PILE! l. 259.] There was formerly a large monaſtery at Calwich, and a part of the Monks' garden, and ſome of their fiſh-ponds, are,

The roof, the towers with ivy crown'd,
Damp Horror ſpread his arms around.
Oft has this vale, when Midnight drove
Her car in ſilence through the grove,
Seen tremulous lights within the pile,
Paſs and repaſs the cloiſter'd aiſle;
Seen the funereal pall and bier,
Bedew'd with Friendſhip's parting tear;
Seen the ſad ſlowly-moving bands,
Pale tapers glimmering in their hands;
Heard the loud choir within the cave,
Chant the ſweet requiem ~~on~~ for the grave.

Late as the night with Stygian gloom
Clouded each warrior's mighty tomb,

I believe, ſtill to be ſeen. During the alterations in the grounds about Calwich, in the late Mr. Granville's life, numbers of ſkulls and human bones were frequently diſcovered; and large quantities have lately been found by the work-people now employing at Calwich. 1796.

Clouded each warrior's mighty tomb, l. 274.] Alluding to the *tumuli* on Wever hills.

Smooth'd the deep vales, obſcur'd each grove,
And wrapp'd in blackeſt woof the Dove;
Sudden, tremendous fires o'erſpread
With crimſon glory Wever's head,
Hurl'd up to heaven their forked rays,
And Night retreated from the blaze.
Fierce and more fierce the flaming tides
Roll'd down the mountain's kindling ſides,
While ſmoke, amid the ſanguine glare,
Unwieldy volumes heav'd in air.
As the lone pilgrim urg'd his way,
Pondering on life's uncertain day,
Sudden from Calton's dreary height
Burſt on his ken a world of light;
With Fear's broad eye he view'd the blaze,
And look'd the ſtatue of amaze:

Sudden, tremendous fires, l. 277.] The burning of a large tract of furze on Wever hills and Calton moor, makes a grand appearance amidſt the gloom of night; and the ſhouts of the cottagers, who frequently watch the conflagration, leſt it ſhould expire too ſoon, or extend too far, are highly calculated to inſpire terror into the mind of a traveller unacquainted with theſe midnight exhibitions.

Saw (as bewildering Fancy play'd
Her meteors through the driving ſhade)
Lean ſpectres pile the funeral pyre,
And more than mortals ſtalk around the fire.

So from MISENUM's bay, the ſage
Heard the diſtracted mountain's rage,
Saw dazzling floods to heaven aſpire,
Hurl'd from Veſuvio's jaws of fire;
From gulfs terrific Lava's tide,
Prone to the ſtrand its fury guide,
Stream in red paths along each plain,
And glory gild the troubled main.
The calm philoſopher, array'd
In friendſhip, ſpurn'd Miſenum's ſhade;
Brav'd the wild ocean's frantic roar,
And helm'd his courſe to STABIÆ's ſhore.
Safe on the coaſt, with outſtretch'd arms
He ſooth'd his friend's confus'd alarms,

So from MISENUM's *bay, the ſage,* l. 295.] Pliny loſt his life near the villa of his friend Pomponianus, at the foot of Mount Veſuvius.

Smiling aſſum'd Hope's cheerful mien,
But dropp'd a generous tear unſeen.
Ere long ſulphureous clouds imbrown'd
The heavens, and roll'd along the ground;
Trembled the earth; the wheeling deep
Laſh'd the proud cliff's incumbent ſteep;
While ſhrieks of death and terror's cries,
With mingled wailings pierc'd the ſkies.
Now lava from each glowing height
Pour'd torrents of exceſſive light,
Then tenfold darkneſs curtain'd wide
The mountains and the toſſing tide:
Thus fleeting day and tranſient night
Govern'd with momentary might!
As the wild coaſt the ſage explor'd,
Her fiery ſtorms Deſtruction ſhower'd,
Effus'd her ſuffocative breath,
And Science ſunk into the arms of Death.

CANTO III.

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THE

VALES OF WEVER.

CANTO III.

——Now the ſame glad taſk
Impends; now urging our ambitious toil,
We haſten to recount the various ſprings
Of adventitious pleaſure, which adjoin
Their grateful influence to the prime effect
Of objects grand or beauteous, and enlarge
The complicated joy. *Akenſide.*

RAMSOR! thy ſavage tracts of heath,
Where Ague ſtalks with chattering teeth,

RAMSOR! *thy ſavage tracts of heath,* l. 1.] Ramſor Moor is a large uncultivated waſte of great elevation, and, from various ſituations, commands a vaſt extent of diverſified ſcenery. Some parts of this moor are very ſwampy, while others are either covered over with looſe pieces of ſtone, or quickened only with meagre vegetation.

Where untam'd Nature joyleſs roves,
And ſcowls o'er COTTON's riſing groves;
Oft have beheld in days of yore
The lordly Briton ſmear'd with gore,
Mark'd the rude monarch of the ſoil
Swing on his back his gaſping ſpoil,
Flounce through the blood-ſtain'd ſnow with joy,
While Conqueſt fluſh'd his daring eye.
Though the green holly ne'er has grac'd
With vermeil fruits thy dreary waſte;
Though the tall birch her weeping head
Ne'er wav'd athwart thy flinty bed;
Though o'er theſe wilds no fountains flow,
No lakes of rippling ſilver glow:
Yet, Ramſor, oft when Summer's eye
Beams "gaily fierce" aſlant the ſky,

And ſcowls o'er COTTON's *riſing groves*, l. 4.] Beyond Ramſor Moor, in a romantic and beautiful vale, lies Cotton, the ſeat of Thomas Gilbert, Eſq. late Member of Parliament for Lichfield. By his unwearied exertions not only the value and beauty of the ſurrounding country have been ſurpriſingly increaſed, but the morals and religion of the *poor* moſt happily ſecured.

My lips have hail'd thy regions bare,
And grateful drank thy freſhening air.

Dark from theſe heights a wood impends,
And round the dizzy bank extends,
Shoots down the tangled vale beneath,
Hangs o'er the brook a verdant wreath;
Then forms each hill's continued ſcreen,
And paints with verdure all the ſcene.—
Welcome, ye foreſt glens! ye bays!
Ye crags that glimmer in the maze!
Welcome, ye paths through winding ſhade!
(Where oft your muſing Rouſſeau ſtray'd;)
High o'er your mix'd attractive powers
Yon venerable manſion towers;

Dark from theſe heights a wood impends, l. 21.] Alluding to the beautiful ſcenery in Wootton Park.

(Where oft your muſing Rouſſeau ſtray'd), l. 30.] It is recorded that Rouſſeau was extremely partial to the ſcenery in Wootton Park.

Yon venerable manſion towers, l. 32.] Wootton Lodge is an intereſting and picturesque ſtructure, and is reported to have been erected under the eye of

Swells from the duſky depths between,
And gloomy grandeur crowns the ſcene.
Fix'd on a rock, the caſtled pile
Hears unconcern'd the whirlwinds toil,
Bids her embattled walls defy
The vollied ſtorms of Winter's ſky.

Hark! how melodious Echo ſwells
Her voice from deep-retiring dells;

Inigo Jones. It is ſituated on the ſide of a rocky bank, which deſcends behind the houſe nearly perpendicular, and riſes rather abruptly in the front. It was formerly the ſeat of an ancient Staffordſhire family of the name of Fleetwood. The late Mr. Unwin reſcued this venerable pile from decay, and reſtored it to its former reſpectability. The park, which is unhappily removed from the houſe, is a ſcene of uncommon beauty. It compriſes extenſive woodlands, diverſified with glades and vallies. The trees, eſpecially towards the *northern* extremity of the park, form majeſtic ſide-ſcreens, and the loſty banks are decorated with rock, and the wildeſt furniture of nature. Here a ſmall brook enters the park, and deſcends for a very conſiderable diſtance down a ſteep and rugged channel: in the ſummer ſeaſon it ſcarcely purls, but I have frequently been preſent, when,

" ——At every fall
Down the ſteep windings of the channell'd rock,
Remurmuring ruſh'd the congregated floods,
With hoarſer inundation." *Akenſide.*

Trills her ſoft notes 'mid murmuring rills,
Her grots with tuneful tumult fills.
Pleas'd all around, cool ſhades among,
The feather'd audience drink the ſong;
Or hang in air on moveleſs wings,
And greet the muſic as it ſprings;
Or in gray clouds aſſemble near,
A ſweeter concert than their own to hear.

So when the fond enthuſiaſt flings
Joy from the harp's ecſtatic ſtrings,
Or ſweeps, ſpontaneous as the breeze,
With Parian hands th' impaſſion'd keys;
Crowds hang around th' enchanting fair,
Mark the fine pauſe, the lively air:
Attention bends each raviſh'd ear,
Sparkling each eye with Rapture's tear;
The tuneful meaſures float along,
And love and muſic charm th' unbreathing throng.

With fruits purpureal nodding bright,
The bilberry tufts each perilous height,
Or ſpreads her garniſh'd arms around,
And foliage ſmooths the treacherous ground.
Soon as the lark his plumes expands,
And librates o'er the varied lands;
Each cottage pours, in ſmiles array'd,
Its infant tenants to the ſhade;
Sweet voices ring from grove to grove,
And vibrate round the heights above.
And when with pomp of lights and ſhades,
Evening adorns theſe lengthening glades,
Retracing ſlow their beaten way,
The harmleſs plunderers diſplay
Died lips, blue teeth, and hands beſmear'd,
Huge baſkets on their heads uprear'd;
All, all reluctant leave their toil,
And hats and kerchiefs ſhare the ſpoil.

Leaving theſe wood-wild glens, I guide
My ſteps yon glimmering brook beſide—
O ye dear ſcenes, where Plenty's ſmile
Cheers Induſtry imbrown'd with toil;
O ye dear ſcenes, where Culture leads
Her blooming trains along your meads;
Not wealth with jewell'd brows elate,
Nor all the vanity of ſtate,
Should e'er theſe hours of fond delight
Plunge in Oblivion's ſtarleſs night,
Should e'er induce me to forego
That ſoft conſolatory woe
Which Memory wakes, on former days
When ſadly-ſweet ſhe builds her lays,
Summons fair Fancy, bids me tread
Thoſe fields with waving treaſures ſpread,
And hail theſe banks which Flora wreaths,
This holy calm which Summer breathes!

CHURNET! how fleet thy waters roll
Aſide this graſſy-mantled knoll,
And down yon ford impatient urge
Each white exaſperated ſurge.
The meadow gain'd, how ſmooth they glide!
The lucid ſurface dimpling wide:
Now ſeem to pauſe, yet ſilent rove,
Then bound impetuous into DOVE.

So fleet, ſo changeful, dark and clear,
Exiſtence rolls from year to year!
When Health arrays Youth's cloudleſs morn,
And Pleaſure gilds each riſing dawn,
On pinions ſwift as orient light,
Time ſeems to wing his airy flight:
But when th' illuſive landſcape fades,
Saddening at Death's diſaſtrous ſhades,
When wrapp'd in night Affection tries
In vain to cloſe her aching eyes,

Looks back on life, on widow'd years,
And ſteeps her pillow in her tears;
How ſullen ſtrikes the bell! How ſlow
Each awful moment ſeems to flow!
Sorrow the tedious night deplores,
And Fancy wails the lengthen'd hours.

Here oft the ſiſter Naiads urge
Their ſteps on Churnet's flowery verge,
Smile at the ſmiles, whene'er they paſs,
Of beauty beaming in the glaſs.—
Lo! now they leave their ſhadowy caves,
And cleave with ſnow-white arms the waves;
Till (where diſmantled ALTON lours
'Mid tottering wrecks, time-moulder'd towers,
Round each pale baſtion ivy creeps,
And fallen grandeur decks the ſteeps)

Till (where diſmantled ALTON *lours*, l. 125.] Alton, or Alton Caſtle, is ſituated on a rocky eminence, upon the banks of the river Churnet: a few ſhattered towers and walls only remain, but they are ſo diſpoſed as to impreſs the mind with an idea of the former extent of the Caſtle.

With dew-dropp'd hands they claſp the ſedge,
On pearly feet aſcend the edge;
Their limbs in folds of luſtre veil,
And give their treſſes to the gale.
As they trip down the verdant ſhore,
Sudden, emergent waters roar;
Rebellowing clamours loud aſſail
Alton's proud cliff and echoing vale,
In blackening volumes ſmoke aſcends,
O'er heaven's aërial arch extends,
Dims every flower and radiant green,
And curtains all the buſy ſcene.
Chill'd with ſtrange horrors, pauſe the fair,
Gaze on the foam-revolving wear;
Each cloſer binds her ſiſter's hand;
Fear-fix'd the lovely ſtatues ſtand.
Lo! where the wheeling river boils,
Sudden, a portal hoarſe recoils;

Sudden, a portal hoarſe recoils, l. 146.] Alluding to the wire-mills, &c. at Alton.

Dark forms, within a deep receſs,
Around their ponderous anvils preſs,
Or jarring beat the brazen thongs,
And gorge with braſs th' inſatiate tongs.
But now the ſooty crowds awhile
Caſt on the fair "a ghaſtly ſmile;"
With lifted hammers pois'd in air,
Gaze on the nymphs, forget their care.
Again the modern Cyclops throng,
And roll their brazen wreaths along,
Ope the broad ſtove's refulgent door,
And Glory ſhudders on the floor:
Loud roars the wind! freſh flames aſpire,
Ceil the wide vault with ſheets of fire,

And gorge with braſs th' inſatiate tongs, l. 150.] Alluding to the large forceps, in whoſe mouth the pointed thong of wire is inſerted through a certain gauge. Theſe forceps are kept in a ſtate of action and reaction by the revolution of wheels below, which are worked by water.

And roll their brazen wreaths along, l. 156.] Alluding to the circular rolls of wire which are placed in the furnaces, preparatory to certain modes of elongation. The reader muſt excuſe this conciſe explanation, as the author does not feel himſelf authorized to detail the machinery, &c. of theſe mills.

With ſquander'd ſtars the ſmoke illume,
While lightnings quiver through the gloom.

So when DIANA's veſtal train
With rapture launch'd upon the main,
O'er the bright world of waters ſhone
Morn's crimſon clouds, Light's gorgeous throne;
Soft Echoes warbled from their caves,
As Zephyr ſwept the gazing waves:
Huge Tritons hurried from afar,
And whirl'd along the golden car;
The golden car unbathed flew,
And ting'd the ſurf with golden hue.
Pleas'd all around, gigantic whales
Swarm'd from their coral bowers and vales,
Seals plough'd the tides with awkward leap,
And grampi gamboll'd on the deep.
High in the north, 'mid Ocean's ſmiles,
Tower'd MELIGUNIS, queen of iſles:

Tower'd MELIGUNIS, *queen of iſles*, l. 178.] Meligunis is the largeſt of the Æolian iſles, and is now called Lipara.

There, in a mountain's ſhaggy fort,
Malignant Vulcan held his court:
Forg'd his keen arrows barb'd with death,
And pointed Murder's venom'd teeth:
Form'd the broad axe with Caution's guile,
And fierce Bellona ſooth'd his toil.
Then ſpoke the nymphs: "Ye Tritons, lead
Our car o'er Ocean's pearly mead,
Thither, O where yon ſmoke inſhrouds
Jove's azure in a night of clouds."
Inſtant the pleaſure-harneſs'd throng
Skimm'd the redundant ſurge along:
With cheeks averted ey'd the fair,
Dwelt on their looks, their graceful air:
Wonder'd that Dian's beauteous maids
Admir'd grim Vulcan's dreary ſhades,
Wonder'd that they ſhould e'er explore
The terrors of his blaſted ſhore.
Seen from the ſinking coaſt, the car
Gleam'd on the waves a ſetting ſtar.

With Beauty's fear, and Wonder's ſmile,
The nymphs beheld the growing iſle;
Saw each foam-creſted ſurge expand
Its troubled waters on the ſtrand;
Saw tide-worn caverns gape around,
While mountains rear'd on mountains frown'd.
Safe on the ſands, the grateful fair
Implor'd Diana's guardian care,
Then bounding from their golden ſeat,
Pierc'd on light ſtep the dread retreat.
As they tripp'd down the winding vale,
In thunder ſpoke the reſting gale,
Sulphureous clouds the ſkies imbrown'd,
And tremulous lightnings glimmer'd round.
Now ſlow the graceful ſtrangers preſs'd
Beſide a mountain's barren breaſt,
On footſteps half-reſtrain'd they trod,
And ey'd the yawning manſions of the God.

Trembled the nymphs, when 'mid the cave
They ſaw the ſwarthy monſters ſlave;
Saw on each front one giant brow,
One ſhield-like eyeball glare below.
Trembled the nymphs, when 'mid the fire,
They heard the bellows deep reſpire,
Heard the infernal anvils ſound,
And Labour's ponderous groans rebound:
Etna each loud concuſſion mock'd,
Trinacria's echoing caverns rock'd,
Rebellow'd loud Heſperia's ſhore,
And Cyrnus anſwer'd to the mighty roar.

Trembled the nymphs, l. 217.] The paſſage from line 217 to line 228 is borrowed from the following lines in Callimachus, which have been univerſally admired for their ſtrength and ſublimity:

Αἱ Νύμφαι δ' ἔδδεισαν, ὅπως ἴδον αἰνὰ πέλωρα,
Πρηόσιν Οσσείοισιν ἐοικότα, πᾶσι δ' ὑπ' ὀφρὺν
Φάεα μουνόγληνα φαείνετο ἴσα τε ῥαιβοέσσῃ,
Δεινὸν ὑπογλαύσσοντα, καὶ ὀπποτὲ δοῦπον ἄκουσαν
Ἄκμονος ἠχήσαντος, ἐπὶ μέγα πτελύ τ' ἄκμα
Φυσάων, αὐλῶν τε βαρὺν ῥόμον αὖτε γαῖρε Αἴτνη,
Αὖτε δὲ Τρηνακρὶη Σικανῶν ἔδος, αὖτε δὲ γείτων
Ἰταλίη, μεγάλην δὲ βοὴν ἐπὶ Κύρνος ἄυσεν.

Hence let my eager ſteps aſcend
Where FARLEY's lofty banks impend.—
But who can view with careleſs eye
The glories of yon weſtern ſky;
Who pierce thoſe midnight depths of ſhade,
Who print that ſun-illumin'd glade,
And feel no grateful raptures charm
His thoughts, his breaſt no tranſport warm?
O ſovereign GOD! thy gracious power
Glows on each leaf and opening flower:
From the tall oak's umbrageous wreath
Down to the tiny blade beneath;
From the wild mountain's naked brow,
To plains of ruſtling gold below;
The ſame myſterious hand we trace,
The ſame ſublimity and grace.

Where FARLEY's *lofty banks impend*, l. 230.] The village of Farley is ſituated very high above the Churnet.

The ſame myſterious hand we trace,
The ſame ſublimity and grace, l. 244.] In all the works of nature the power of the Supreme Being is fully manifeſted. They are, as an

Whether, O GOD! in vengeance hurl'd,
Thy thunders rock an impious world;
Whether thy lightnings ſcorch the ſoil,
And ſtartle Guilt's inſulting ſmile:
Or from thy throne of hallow'd ſheen,
Noon darts abroad his radiance keen;
Through the huſh'd ſkies no breezes play,
But Silence broods o'er liſtening day:
VIRTUE will bend her duteous knee,
Spread her adoring hands to THEE,

admirable poet happily entitles them, "*the varied God.*" The following very ſublime paſſage, from the writings of Dr. Blair, cannot fail of proving acceptable to the reader: "In the midſt of your ſolitary muſings, lift your eyes, and behold all nature full of God. Look up to the firmament, and admire his glory. Look round the earth, and obſerve his preſence every where diſplayed. If the gay landſcape or the fruitful field preſent themſelves to your eye, behold him ſmiling upon his works. If the mountain raiſe its lofty head, or the expanſe of waters roll its tide before you, contemplate in thoſe great and ſolemn objects his power and majeſty. Nature, in all its diverſities, is a varied manifeſtation of the Deity. If you were to take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermoſt parts of the ſea, even there you would find him. For in him you live and move. He fills and animates all ſpace. In the barren wilderneſs, as in the peopled region, you can trace his footſteps, and in the deepeſt ſolitude you may hear a voice which teſtifies of him."

Bow her meek head with pious air,
And breathe her inexpreſſive prayer!

How proud beyond this green deſcent,
Yon hill exalts his rough extent!
(Gay furze and ling around his head,
Their floods of gold and purple ſpread;)
With pride of contraſt bold he ſweeps
Round GILBERT's vale, and ſhadowy deeps.
Oh! at that name what ſorrows fill
My breaſt! what ſad reflections chill!
SHE, who was born to picture youth,
When rob'd in all the charms of truth;
Who well deſerv'd her father's prayer,
And all her mother's tender care;
Left this gay world in early bloom,
Fair martyr to th' inſatiate tomb!

Yon hill exalts his rough extent, l. 258.] Whiſton Moor.

SHE, *who was born to picture youth*, l. 265.] In memory of Miſs Gilbert, only daughter of Thomas Gilbert, Eſq. of Cotton, Staffordſhire.

Not fond Affection's ſleepleſs eyes,
Nor love that breath'd parental ſighs,
Nor med'cine whelm'd in tears, could ſave
Their ſmiling treaſure from the grave!

Ere the blue fog Dove's ſilver breaſt
Curtains beneath his filmy veſt,
Ere the bat wings her twilight way,
Or gambols wild in lunar day,
I haſte to paſs one tranquil hour,
Clos'd in yon vale's ſequeſter'd bower.
And, WOOTTON, ſince I leave thy ſhade,
Where oft my early ſteps have ſtray'd,
Since I muſt quit yon rock-wrought dell,
Where Memory oft ſhall love to dwell;
HEAR, while ~~your~~ thy veſper breezes play,
This laſt fond tribute of my lay:
Ne'er may the axe in murd'rous mood
Diſrobe thy penſile banks of wood,

Nor Havoc with barbarian call
Thy ſacred ſolitudes appal.
Be thine to hear ſome Thomſon's ſong,
Warbling thy low-brow'd cliffs among,
While Echo charms the liſtening ſphere,
And WEVER bends his rapſur'd ear.



FINIS.

